

THREE DAYS OF TOP-NOTCH BALL PROMISED FANS

St. Louis Today, Portuguese on Sunday, and Punahou Monday, Will Go Against the Stanford Collegians

With "Smiling Tony" Medeiros in the box, and "Home Run" La Mere at the other end of the firing line, the Portuguese Athletic Club will go up against the Stanford variety at Athletic Park tomorrow afternoon at 3:30. On paper this looks to be the best game that the collegians have been offered since coming to Honolulu. With the exception of a defeat at the hands of the All-Service club when the college players were fresh off the ocean, Stanford has won every game played here, and it is figured that the Portuguese are about due to stop the winning streak, even if St. Louis fails to turn the trick this afternoon.

The Portuguese will have practically the same team in the field that won the first half of the Oahu League series. This team has played together for some time and is a smooth fielding machine, with good batting possibilities. Also, tomorrow Stanford will be playing on a strange field, all previous games having been settled on the Moanalua grounds. This should give the Portuguese a slight edge on the situation.

It is announced that Southpaw Halm will be in the box for Stanford against the P. A. C. Halm has shown himself to be the most effective twirler on the cardinal string, and it will be interesting to see how he and Medeiros compare. If Tony is right, he should have the college sluggers just where he wants them, but if he has an off day they are likely to take kindly to his delivery, in which case it will be well for Parese to have Scott in reserve, if the latter player can get in from Schofield-Barrecks.

Captain Stayton will umpire behind the plate, and probably Bettencourt will work in the field. The game will start sharp on time.

St. Louis Today.

The Stanford players returned from Hilo on the Mauna Kea this morning, and declared themselves in good shape for the game against St. Louis this afternoon, although of course they are on practice. The game will be called at 3:30 and as it is the third and last meeting between the two teams, it should draw well. St. Louis forfeited the first game, although it was played out and ended with a 14 to 10 score in favor of the locals. The second game went to Stanford, 7 to 4. Today's contest is looked on by the fans as the rubber, and they are out to win it.

Punahou Monday.

The final appearance of the collegians will be against the Punahou Athletic Club Monday afternoon.

Captain A. L. Castle, says he is ready to pitch the game, and it will be interesting to note what effect his work will have in bracing the players up, and keeping down the hits. Castle was kept out of the first two games, on account of illness, and the team played very poorly without his leadership.

C. B. Lyman will catch Castle, and as this is the old Punahou battery that worked with such success in 1904, its re-appearance will be a real event for the oldtime fans.

Another feature will be the appearance of A. Lewis in the Punahou lineup. Lewis played shortstop for the crack Stanford team of 1908 before

NEWS THAT'S COMMENT THAT'S NEWS

GOLF GOSSIP

(By Latest Mail)

NEW YORK.—"Tom" McNamara, open golf champion of Massachusetts, as well as of the metropolitan district, who has been playing on the British and French courses, has seen much to interest him and has been giving his friends at home the benefit of his experiences. He says it is the wind that one has to battle mostly, although the seaside courses of England are still propositions.

It will be remembered that when McDermott returned last year after his rather dismal showing in the British championship, it was the high winds that seemed to have made the most lasting impression on his mind. McDermott came straight back and started right into the metropolitan championship, which McNamara won.

When asked if he expected to do well after just stepping from the deck of an ocean steamer to the national open champion made reply, "That is all right so long as the wind does not rise."

Hoyle, the scene of this year's championship, is, according to McNamara, one of the windiest places in the world when the wind comes in from the sea, and the going is primarily made hard by the eternal blow, although a few of the holes are hard with no wind.

McNamara gives some idea of the force of the wind sometimes when he says that in calm weather it is comparatively easy to reach some of the holes on a drive and a pitch, but in a blow two full shots to some of these greens will frequently be short. Speaking of the championship, he says that to qualify for the national open, the entrants for the British open championship and that is a great honor. He says that all the courses on the other side with any pretensions are good, but the greens in most cases are only fair. The only greens that the Boston professional has seen abroad that he thinks can in any way compare with those to be found around Boston and New York are those at Sunningdale.

If there is a time that golfers in this country wish they were several thousands of miles nearer Great Britain it is during the championship weeks. Much of the "meat" of the "open" was lost, although those who stayed at home were duly kept informed of the progress of the American players, as also of the position of the leading players at the finish of the big event.

When the victory of H. Taylor was flashed by cable and the positions of the first few were given enthusiasts naturally wanted to know what had become of George Duncan, who was strongly fancied as likely to win the event, as indeed he has been for the last few years now. In the open championship, however, Duncan seems to be singularly unfortunate. This year he did not even qualify.

In the first round Duncan drew the largest gallery. He putted badly all the way around and took 83. In the afternoon when he started on his second round the conditions could scarcely have been worse. A driving rain and a stiff wind were all against the low score, of which he stood so much in need. He took 4's at the first two, and at the third, after a pulled drive, he had to take 6, but a good iron shot at the fourth earned him a 4, while he did the next in 3, after a beautiful approach. Eventually he reached the turn in 39, but took 41 coming home, and with an 86 for the second round finished two strokes worse than "Alex" Smith.

If Duncan was fated to win the championship it only goes to show that despite their poor display this year several of the leading golfers here have still a show, and those who stay at home and view British championships through the columns of the newspapers need not throw up their hands in despair for a while. Golf is a peculiar game. Smith and Duncan and several others might not do so poorly another time.

some members of the present team were born, and he is keen to go into action against the younger generation.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GOLF

Under the most extraordinary set of rules ever devised for a contest of any sort, the graduates of Yale and Harvard are battling for supremacy on the Moanalua golf course this afternoon. The affair is a team match, post entries, and the exact number of the starters will not be determined until the players gather at the first tee. A lunch at the University Club started the ball rolling, and arrangements have been made for refreshments to be served at the Moanalua clubhouse after the game.

Firemen carried two men and a girl down ladders from a burning loft building in New York after their clothes were ablaze.

The board of directors of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad has accepted the resignation of President Charles S. Mellen.

Loyal troops defeated an invasion of four thousand southern Chinese rebels at Suichow.

While in dock at Boston, the forward cabin of the steamer City of Bangor was burned away. One man was killed and it is feared that there were other fatalities.

Carnegie has transferred the administration of the income from \$10,000,000 from the Carnegie corporation of New York to the Carnegie Dunfermline trust to be devoted to the use of the masses of Great Britain and Ireland.

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Edited by
LAWRENCE
REDINGTON

IF THE PLAYERS COULD CALL 'EM ON UMPIRE STAYTON



FREDDIE WELSH FOUGHT ALL HONOLULU IN SINGLE NIGHT

Freddie Welsh, the fighter, springs a mighty good yarn about his trials and tribulations inside the ropes in Honolulu. Of course you need a whole shaker full of salt before you can swallow it, but it's a good yarn just the same.

Here is Welsh's account of his Honolulu experience, as published in the Seattle Times:

"I struck Honolulu along about the Christmas holidays, and I had a letter of introduction to the matchmaker of the Honolulu Athletic & Amusement Co., a Mr. Greenway. I think his name was. He seemed to like the idea of using me. 'We haven't had a fight here since July,' said he. 'Big bunch of Americans here now, and we ought to do a good business. The only man we could match you with, though, is a native welterweight. His name is Walso. Bornulow, and he has quite a reputation here. You want to take the chance?'

"I was willing to take a chance at anything, but I spared a long time for terms until I had him tied up for a pretty comfortable financial guarantee. I started training the very next day. I remembered what I had heard about Greenway, so I wasn't going to take any chances. I hooked up with Kid Carter and Harry Miller, two American boxers that were stranded there, and began working as hard and conscientiously as I knew how, and the night of the fight I was as hard as nails. The house was crowded to the doors.

"I had a great deal of curiosity as to what my opponent looked like, but as soon as he had taken his chair I could see that he was just a common, ordinary looking youngster. In fact, all of those islanders looked alike to me.

"He wore an odd-looking pair of black trunks, and I noticed Greenway was talking earnestly to him just before the fight. After that I was too busy to recall the incident. I played with the fellow for two rounds, and then, finding out that I had nothing to fear, I called in to finish him. In the fourth round I landed on his jaw, and he fell like a log. It was a clean knockout. I turned and walked to my corner, while the referee—another islander by the way—was counting Bory out.

"Now, what do you think happened? Just as the referee had reached the count of six every light in the place went out. An awful lot of confusion followed, and I could hear

IMPORTANT FOR JUNIOR TEAMS

What promises to be the best game of the season in the Oahu Junior League is scheduled for tomorrow morning. The Chinese aggregation is booked to play the P. A. C. Jrs. in the second game, and as these two teams are the leaders in the league, with the Chinese team one game ahead of the Portuguese, there is no doubt that a warm battle is assured for fans.

Should the Portuguese win in tomorrow's contest, they will tie with the Chinese team, but on the other hand, if they should lose the Chinese team will have a clinch on the championship of the first series. The Chinese have won six games straight, and are following the record of their older brothers, the All-Chinese aggregation.

Johnny Domingo and V. Joseph will form the P. A. C. battery for this game, and the Chinese will probably use Aki and Yen Chin. The lineups for the two teams will be the same as formerly.

Before the main event of the morning's program, the Pawaas and Asahis will battle. Sueda and Nishiwaki will be the Asahi battery and Henry Wil-

PARKE IS PLAYER WHO HAS FLASHES OF GREAT TENNIS

The victory of J. C. Parke over Maurice McLoughlin in the first of the Davis cup challenges matches came as a big surprise to local tennis fans. The "California Comet" has been winning his matches in such sensational style this year, his only check having been his defeat by Wilding in the challenging round of the All-England, that people have come to regard McLoughlin as almost unbeatable.

When the actual facts are taken into consideration, however, it is not very surprising that McLoughlin, playing in a strange climate, under unfamiliar conditions, should slip up now and then when he faces a really first

"The whole scheme dawned upon me, Greenway was going to keep on springing a new man on me as fast as I finished them. His idea was to win his twenty-round money. It made me so boiling mad that I went after him. No. 3 as though I was going to kill him. Before the round was over I had him flat on his back, and then before the referee could start counting I had put my foot on the fellow on the floor. Holding my gloved hand up for silence I made a little speech as follows: 'Gentlemen, I have no objection to whipping three men in one night, but I'll be hanged if I am going to fight the whole male population of Honolulu for the price of one admission. You may turn out the lights again, if you want to, but I am going to keep my foot on this kid until he has been properly counted out.'

"That guy Greenway afterward told me that he had twenty of those brown rascals, one for each round, ready for me."

class man. That Parke is the latter can not be doubted, although he is by no means the steady performer that McLoughlin is. It will be remembered that it was Parke who last year astonished the tennis world by beating Brooks, in the Davis cup series in which England regained the cup from Australasia. Parke played the game of his life then, and from the meager press dispatches of yesterday's play, it appears as though he had taken another grand flash of form, while his opponent was a bit off his game.

That McLoughlin has done as well as he has in England is remarkable for there is one point which has been undoubtedly working against him. In this country Mac plays in shoes with long, sharp spikes, which he finds necessary to hold him to the turf on his fast rushes to the net. In England spikes are not allowed, and the Californian has been forced to play smooth-shod, which must have bothered him considerably.

POLO TODAY

The announcement that Walter Dillingham will not have to go to Washington on business, was received with mutual congratulations by the polo contingent, as it means that the Oahu captain will be able to help defend the Inter-Island championship cup in the tournament next month. This afternoon Dillingham will play with the Blues, the game being called for 3 o'clock at Moanalua.

DUKE AND BUCK ARE FIRST RATE KIDDERS

Down at Redondo, before the Southern California swimming championships, Duke Kahanamoku and Buck Kapele had some fun kidding the crowd that gathered to see the champion in action.

The Los Angeles Times says: "A tremendous mob gathered into the galleries of the pier to see the wonderful 'Duke'." "Every young gentleman in the tank who had a good tan was taken for the champion by the awe-stricken multitude, and nobody suspected the ducky young man who was teaching another equally gigantic young man how to swim, was the champion of the world."

Duke Kapele, who holds a record of something like 25 2/3 minutes for the fifty-yard dash, insisted upon being shown how to swim by the champ, and the two husbands had a fine time kidding the crowd. About this time young Kapele happened along with a couple more of his miniature friends, and the Hawaiians amused themselves in seeing how far they could throw the youngsters up in the air.

"I wonder if he can speak English," said one young lady in the gallery while another remarked that she thought he was built more like a piano mover than a swimmer. "Huh, he don't go near so fast as Ludy." "Aw, gwan, yer crazy," came the pleasant response. "Why, that guy won every race at the Olympic games at Stockholm," a statement showing much admiration, but slightly inaccurate.

AMATEUR WILL SAIL SHAMROCK

Sir Thomas Lipton's choice of the amateur yachtsman, William P. Burton, to command and pilot his fourth Shamrock in the 1914 races for the America's cup, probably will be regarded by many yachtsmen as a daring and risky innovation. In all previous races for the historic trophy, the competing yachts have been handled by professional skippers, and it is generally assumed that a professional yachtsman must know more about the game than an amateur.

It is not generally realized here, however, that far more opportunities are at the disposal of the English amateur yachtsman to obtain practice than exist for his American prototype, however keen and enthusiastic he may be. Because of the great distances between important ports along the Atlantic coast a yachtsman has opportunities to participate in the races of but a few clubs.

By the best English judges, Mr. Burton is regarded as the cleverest helmsman, either amateur or professional, in English waters. He has repeatedly raced his yachts against those sailed by the most famous English professionals and has beaten them. In 1911, sailing his 19-meter Oetavia against yachts of the same rating steered by professionals, he finished the season at the top of the class, with thirty-seven prizes to his credit out of fifty-seven starts.

Lillian Lorraine, musical comedy star, has brought suit in New York against Frederick Greshamer, the man she twice married. He has not been seen since she accused him of pawing one of her valuable diamond rings.

DUKE IN ROUGH WATER ANOTHER BIG SURPRISE

Duke Kahanamoku has a mighty reputation throughout the country, and swimming enthusiasts in California following the San Francisco meet, had his name on the tip of the tongue and his records at the finger's ends. However, there was still another surprise in store for them, and that was Duke's performance in the annual rough water race at Ocean Park. Duke in still water, and Duke in a tank, were known quantities, but there were many who thought that he would find his master when it came to swimming three-quarters of a mile in a cold choppy sea.

How he sprang the surprise is graphically told in the Los Angeles Times, of July 14. Here is the story: Duke P. Kahanamoku demonstrated yesterday at Ocean Park that he is by far the greatest swimmer that ever performed on the Pacific Coast.

Finishing the three-quarters of a mile course with a tremendous spurt which sent him across the line six feet in front of Ludy Langer and smashing the record for the course by nearly three minutes, the Duke showed that he is without a peer over any distance and in any kind of water.

It's an honor, and no disgrace to be beaten by six feet in three-quarters of a mile, and Ludy Langer was the first to congratulate the wonderful Hawaiian on winning the race. It is a great thing to be a good loser, and that is exactly what Langer showed himself to be.

The Start.

The weather was none too good, as the sea was slightly choppy, and the swells were fairly large. For this reason the Duke was considered to be rather at a disadvantage, and Langer was the popular choice because of his experience over long distances and his great showing in the race last year.

Nine contestants lined up for the start of the race, Langer and Kahanamoku next to each other. At the crack of the pistol they lifted the water together and they were never more than six feet apart for the whole distance. Pete Lenz of Long Beach took the lead for a short time, but before the race was a minute old Kahanamoku and Langer had taken the spotlight, and remained in it for 16 minutes and 43 seconds.

The Duke lit right out with his peculiar crawl stroke, and never changed. He swam on the outside, toward the open ocean, and his flashing brown arms formed a marked contrast to the gleaming white of Langer's. The two men had the race all to themselves by the time they had gone 200 yards, and they were easily and eagerly followed by the great crowd on the pier and the beach.

Close at the Turn.

At the buoy marking the half-way point they were close together, and swung into the home stretch absolutely abreast, this time with the Duke on the shore side. They stuck together, neither seeming able to lose the other, until they came within 100 yards of the pier.

At this point Langer began to sprint, and for a moment drew ahead of the wonderful Hawaiian. The crowd on the pier let out a tremendous cheer and seemed to see a victory over the Hawaiian at last, but their hopes were short-lived.

Hearing the crowd cheer for Langer seemed to rouse the Duke from his mechanical stroke and with a terrific burst of speed, which made him fairly skim over the water, he tore over the line a winner by six feet, and the crowd, true sports that they were, cheered even more loudly for the Duke than they had for Langer.

Two men nearly fell over one another in their efforts to get to the gangplank. They were Manager Rawlins of the Hul Nale team, and Mr. Langer, father of Ludy. "Your boy swam a great race, he is a wonderful swimmer," said Rawlins. "He did the best he could," replied Langer, "and that's all you can ask of anyone."

There was a rush to congratulate both swimmers, and the spectators crowded around trying to shake their hands. The Duke was asked to pose for his picture with the cup which he won. "Where's Ludy?" he asked. When Langer came over the Duke put his mighty arm around the shoulder of his gritty opponent and insisted that they be taken together.

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